

The "Hello Girl's" Story

"O-o-o-h, such liars. Such awful, frightful, terrible, hideous, dazzling, unholy liars as men are!"

"Twas a telephone girl ejaculating it—a telephone girl in one of the main hotel lobbies. The indictment was so overwhelming that she was asked to elucidate. Whereupon she deftly picked her hunk of gum from one of the unused switch pegs, inserted it into the waiting orifice, and prattled right ahead.

"Oh, the outrageous lies they 'phone to their wives to excuse their not being home as they ought to be!" said she, looking, however, not quite so horrified as might have been expected, "and their deliberate, callous, cold-blooded, foxy way of lying, too—o-o-h!"

Detailed counts of this allegation were called for.

"Oh, well," said the telephone girl, "you ought to hear 'em, that's all. Two of 'em that came in here about 7 o'clock last evening were samples—samples of the limit. They were men around thirty, and both of them were what men folks call happy-soused. They strolled in here, arm in arm, sort of leaning on each other. They weren't so happy-soused that they had lost their foxiness, though; men never become so far gone as to lose their cagyness, in my opinion.

"Well, whatcha going to hand her, matey?" the lean man asked the fat one.

"Search me," said the fat one, pushing back his hat and scratching his head. "Gotta pull some new stuff. She's jerry to all of the old comedy."

"Old boyhood pal of yours just breezed in from Minneapolis and you've got to take him around?" suggested the lean man, grinning.

"Aw, naw, nothin' like that," said the fat one disgustedly. "That's an almanac A. D. 1837 number. Nix. Gotta spring something new and neat."

"Man that you've got a big deal on with breezed along and dragged you off to dinner?" suggested the lean one again.

"Say, tin those lumpy ones," wheezed the fat man. "I've tried to ease her that one fifty times and never got it over yet."

"Gotta run over to Baltimore to fix up a hurry business gag?"

"Nothin' resembling it."

"Friend of yours took you over to Anacostia to look at a bungalow site?"

"Tried that last summer and got the boots."

"Man interested in model tenements kept you downtown to show you a lot of model tenement blue prints?"

"Say, how old d'ye think my wife is—'bout six? She'd want to see the blue prints, believe me."

"Your boss took you out in his new motor car and the machine broke down in Bladensburg, and you'll be home as soon as repairs are made?"

"Fliv, too."

"Went to the hospital to see an old side-kicker that's dying of—er—housemaid's knee or something?"

"Not a chance."

"Fellow bet you you couldn't walk to Great Falls and back, and you took him up?"

"Million to one shot."

"Man in your office took sick from eating soft shell crabs at lunch and you had to take him to his home over near Laurel, Md.?"

"That likewise is a flimz."

"Then the lean one grinned in a puzzled sort of way and looked around kind of hopelessly.

so I suppose they ended by not sending any kind of word to their wives.

"The way those two did fan over what they called 'the old stuff,' the excuses they'd used so often before! Do you wonder that telephone girls have got to be shown before they'll consent to listen to the tinkle of their own wedding bells?"

"But the men who come here to send 'phone excuses to their wives don't mind the telephone girl at all. They take it for granted that the telephone girl is used to all that stuff—which, of course, she really is—and so they aren't a particle shy about discussing just what lies they're going to try to fix up for their wives. Why, some of them even ask me to suggest a new excuse!"

"Only a couple of evenings ago I had a case like that. He was a careless looking middle-aged man, and he was twisting his mustache and looking real reflective as he sauntered toward me here. He gave me the number he wanted, and then he leaned over—not leeringly or flirtily at all, understand, but just in a cold-blooded businesslike way—and he said:

"Got anything new in the square-it-at-home line?"

"Of course, I knew perfectly well what he meant, but I wasn't going to admit it. But my refusing to admit it didn't cark him any."

"A thing that there's a great, crying need for," he said to me in a reflective tone, "is a sort of 'Everyday Book of Lies.' A little brochure like that would save tired people like myself, for example, a lot of trouble. For instance, if there were such a book on file here at the present moment I'd be spared not a little irking thought. I'd just turn over to the section of the book devoted to the particular kind of lie that I desire at present to employ, and there it would be, as pat as a fellow's strictly original toast that he gets out of a 'Book of Toasts.' I'm going to suggest the building of such a book to some writing fellows of my acquaintance. It could be called 'The Handy Liar' or 'One Thousand Pat Lies' or 'Lies For Every Occasion,' or something equally descriptive and satisfying. In the meantime, hang it all, I wonder what I'm going to—and the rest of it dribbled off into a sort of mumble. I was too busy with other excusers a minute or so later to listen to what kind of an excuse he was giving his wife over the 'phone; but I'll bet it was an ingenious one."

"That's the worst of it, by the way—the wheedling, deceitful way the men who invent these deliberate yarns tell them to their wives over the 'phone. I can't help but overhear a good deal of that stuff on the line, and sometimes I feel as if I could jump up and shake the men who are telling their wives those shocking, bamboozling stories that I've heard them make up in talk with each other only a minute or so before."

"Well, a man will say to his companion, 'I'll see if I can uncork that one on her,' and he gives me the number and goes into the booth. Presently I hear him making his little opening talk."

"Doll heart," the horrid ruffian says to her in a sort of languishing tone, "is that you? B'jinks, but it's nice to hear your dear little voice, honey bug! Say, little wan, there wasn't a chance on earth for me to make the dinner thing at home this evening, and then he plunges in and unrolls the dreadful story he has made up. 'It sure did make me sore,' he goes on then, 'to be kept downtown like that. I'd a million times rather be mooching around the little nest with my blubbsy-wubbsy, and you know it, but—' and then he goes on with a lot more like that, perhaps winking all the time at his grinning companion standing outside the booth, and it certainly is enough to give anybody what they call the biggest kind of a line on men and their ways."

"Not, of course, I am glad to say, that these men get away with their 'phoned excuses every time, or anything like every time. As a matter of fact, I should say that they don't put their yarns over more than about in three times, and I notice that the men who succeed in making their stories stick are usually the youngish sort of men, who look as if they're not long married."

"The thing, by the way, that gets all of these 'phone excusers is a little intimation from the wife that she's going out herself. That's the one number they can't stand. It stamps them every time when wife at the other end of the line says in a sort of careless tone that she doesn't mind how long they stay out, because she's going out with a little party herself. It gets 'em every time, and they never fail to become sober and somber and gloomy-jawed right away and to beat it up to their homes as fast as they can travel."—C. L. C., in the Washington Star.

Fell Out the Window.
An intoxicated young man, very much battered up, went into a hotel about midnight and asked the clerk for Room 23. "Can't give you that one," replied the clerk. "It's taken. 'Who's got it?' asked the intoxicated one. "A man named Jones." "What Jones?" "Mr. A. B. Jones has Room 23." The battered up young man smiled. "Zat's me. I fell out ze window."—Denver Post.

The Highest Wave.
The average height of waves is only twenty feet, says the navy hydrographic office. Of course the investigation didn't include the prohibition wave.—North American.



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A LIMITED PARCELS POST.

The demand on the part of the people of the country for what is known as a limited parcels post is increasing, and there seems to be little question that in the near future congress will pass such legislation as will put it into operation. These systems of package delivery by mail have been in vogue in some European countries for more than a hundred years, hence are not socialistic, utopian or untried. In practical operation they have proved eminently successful and above everything satisfactory and a great convenience to people living in country districts. The postmaster general has recommended a limited parcels post which would make low rates for the distribution of parcels from towns and cities over local rural routes. It is contended, and the point is well taken, that the average rural carrier handles less than forty pounds of mail matter daily when even with his light wagon he could easily take care of several times this amount, not only increasing greatly the revenues of the postoffice department, but ministering largely to the needs and convenience of the patrons along his route. The opponents of parcels posts in any form seem to be the country merchants, who fear still further inroads into their territory by the catalogue houses and the express companies, which are annually extracting millions of dollars from the shippers of the country in the shape of discriminatory and exorbitant rates. Inasmuch, however, as some country merchants are buying catalogue house stuff and putting it on their own shelves, the position which they take in the matter is hardly consistent. The live merchant does not greatly fear catalogue house competition, and the dead or moribund merchant who is already hanging on the ragged edge will drop out sooner or later anyway. This matter of home trading is a good deal of a fiction, and with no class is it a bigger joke than with merchants in their relation one to another. As the postal laws are now, with agreements at present in force with foreign countries, one can send a package to a relative in Europe as cheaply as he can to a friend in the next state or county. The inequality is manifest and one that bids fair to be righted.

ECONOMICAL BEEF FEEDING.

The Nebraska state experiment station at Lincoln published the middle of December a bulletin on "Economic Beef Production," which contains a number of suggestions which should be valuable to feeders of beef cattle. As a result of a number of carefully conducted feeding tests it was found that old process linseed meal coarsely ground had a slightly higher feeding value than cottonseed meal, while either of these feeds was considerably better than wheat bran as a protein concentrate. One experiment showed that cold pressed cottonseed cake fed with corn and corn stover gave larger daily gains than any other combination of foods used. The results in three experiments made showed that beef could be produced more cheaply by the use of alfalfa in connection with corn than by the use of any of the three concentrates—linseed meal, cottonseed meal or bran—when the roughage consisted of prairie hay. The conclusions derived from some other feeding tests showed that with corn at from 35 to 50 cents per bushel and alfalfa hay at \$7 per ton or lower less than a full feed of corn—from fourteen to eighteen pounds—was a more economical ration than when a full feed was used and that if corn was worth from 50 to 60 cents per bushel it was more economical to reduce the corn ration to a half feed, or from ten to twelve pounds. A comparison of the quarters after the animals were slaughtered showed that the groups fed on alfalfa gave a better quality of meat, as shown in the color, marbling, etc.

A DEFICIENT DIET.

Investigations into instances of pig eating sows seem to show that this tendency is aggravated if not in every case caused by the sow's not having a balanced diet during the few weeks prior to the birth of her litter. A largely fat forming ration, such as corn, fails to furnish the mother with the elements she needs in providing her unborn young with flesh and bone forming material, and the morbid appetite she sometimes shows in her attempts to devour them as soon as born is quite often evidence of the lack referred to. The difficulty may be overcome by reducing the corn ration and substituting for a part of it in the neighborhood of half a pound per day of oil meal or tankage. This ration may be still further improved by adding an allowance of steamed clover or alfalfa hay. The bone forming element—potash—may be supplied in cob charcoal and wood ashes.

Have you thought to empty the spray tank and drain the spray pump carefully? If not you have probably got some trouble ahead.

A man or woman cannot work advantageously on poor and scant fare. Neither will horses, hens or dairy cows give satisfactory returns under the same conditions.

We have seen people of normal size and possessed of what would be considered a fair amount of courage who just didn't have the nerve to set one of those little "devil" mouse traps.

Buckwheat cakes, a favorite dish with many during the winter months, are both more palatable as well as more wholesome if the batter is made of buckwheat and wheat flour, half and half.

Disease is often very closely associated with discomfort and dampness in the case of both animals and poultry; hence care should be taken that these unfavorable conditions are so far as possible removed.

There is no ration for furnishing protein for growing pigs which is better than skim milk, and the farmer who is long headed will see to it that there is as much of it as possible produced on the place.

A dairyman may make a margin of profit on his cows if he does not take a good general farm or dairy paper, but his chances for doing so are much improved if he has at hand in such a publication the best and latest information on the subject.

A chemist of the University of Minnesota has discovered a germicide to which he has given the name benetol. The new chemical is nonpoisonous to animals and human beings, yet is said to be five times as powerful a germ destroyer as carbolic acid.

There is a big temptation to keep the horses in the stable just because the weather seems a trifle colder than usual. Where there are a paddock and a shelter from the wind it is well to turn them out for exercise even when the weather is cold. The fresh air and exercise they get will more than offset any possible disadvantage.

Notwithstanding the fact that chicken lice are less active in cold weather than warm it is a pretty good idea to see that the hens are provided with a bath of dust and wood ashes, with a handful of powdered sulphur thrown in. It won't take them long to find out what this combination is good for if you put it within their reach.

There are a good many fellows who would not knowingly take property belonging to another who yet show a detestable slackness or penuriousness in hanging on to money which other folks have earned by working for them from whom it is as difficult to extract it as is blood from a turnip. As soon as money is fairly earned it belongs at once to the man who has earned it, not the man from whom it has been earned.

It is a pretty risky proposition for a girl to marry a man to reform him from the booze habit or to get him to turn over a new leaf when he's just naturally shiftless and lazy. Ten chances to one, the girl who marries the first chap will bear heartaches of a drunkard's wife, while the girl who marries the other type can safely count on building the fires in the morning, bringing in her own water, chopping a good deal of the wood and trotting to the corncrib for cobs and kitting.

The opening of an alfalfa meal mill at Rifle, Colo., was celebrated in fit yet decidedly unique fashion. A banquet was served, and every article on the bill of fare was made of or served with alfalfa. The turkey was stuffed with alfalfa, the biscuits were made of it, mashed alfalfa took the place of potatoes, and leaves of it were served instead of spinach. Salad made of alfalfa was served, and the beverages were alfalfa tea and cider. Toothpicks made of alfalfa straw were distributed. The chief toast of the evening was on "Alfalfa and Apple."

Within the past eighteen months a machine has been perfected which seems to be very effective in the picking of cotton, a process which for generations past has been done by exceedingly slow and expensive hand labor. With the new machine one person can harvest about as many acres of cotton as he can cultivate during the growing season. The machine will pick four acres a day at a cost of about \$3 per day, or one-fourth what the picking would cost by hand. The machine is so arranged that it will pick the ripe cotton, but will not injure the immature bolls.

The system of one-year rentals and the various conditions developing from it are responsible for more agricultural depravity and cussedness than almost any other phase of farm tenure or management. Just so long as a tenant knows he quite likely will not reap next season some of the benefit of fertilizing or improvements which he puts on a place this year the whole situation not only encourages him, but makes it necessary for him to play to a finish the "skin game," which is prostituting and playing hop with tens of thousands of farms all over the land. It is likely that the fault is primarily with the owner of the land, who usually says whether the lease shall be for one, three or five years. If it is stinginess that makes him cling to the one year lease system he is surely getting his punishment as he goes along, or his land is.

The following rare bit of humor is taken from the "ginger jar" of a well known eastern agricultural publication: "One may retail apples, but it is impossible to retail a dog." It is apparent from this spicy morsel that the supply of ginger needed replenishing.

There is no liquid that will absorb odors more quickly or completely than milk. On this account it is well to keep the stable sweet and clean, free from manure odors, the smells of roots or silage at milking time as well as free from dust, which will get into the milk if it is stirred up.

The trap nest enables the poultry keeper to learn just what each member of the flock is doing; hence the point in question is not whether it will pay to bother with them, but whether one can afford to continue stuffing high priced food into hens which do not pay for their winter keep.

A reader of an eastern farm journal who has tried it recommends the following mixture as excellent as a rust-proof coating for plows: Melt three pounds of beef suet and add one pound of white lead; apply when warm with an old paint brush. This combination is good to apply on any metal tool to prevent rusting.

The trouble with most prohibitive or restrictive laws as affecting the conduct of people is that their enactment does not change desire or will, but merely represses it. It is on this account that those agitations are most effective which are largely educational and furnish new interests and new aims—that is, furnish new channels for the operation of the energy and will.

An observation made by a syndicate writer the other day was to the effect that weeds require poor land to do well. Probably what the writer meant was that weeds would flourish where some grasses and cultivated plants would not; yet, other conditions being equal, the richer the land the more rank weeds will grow, as they take from the soil in the main the same elements as do other crops.

It takes something more than a pedigree to furnish assurance that a given animal is worth anything for breeding purposes. In the same way a boy can come from a pretty good family, yet be an all round scrub and no account. Many an animal sold at stock sales at a price a trifle above an everyday commercial basis should be sent to the block instead of being intrusted with the highly important duty of becoming the sire of future breeding animals.

The poinsettia, which is coming to be a very popular early winter house plant, has several very interesting characteristics. One of these is that it sheds its green leaves some time before it does the red bracts encircling the blossom cluster. Another is that each blossom is equipped with a little cuplike projection containing about a drop of clear sirupy liquid, which is evidently intended as a bait to draw bees and other insects to aid in a more complete pollenization of the flower. It is well worth securing one of the plants, not only because of its showy green leaves and beautiful red crown, but for the peculiarities above noted. The plant is subtropical and will flourish best if kept where the temperature is quite warm.

Since the federal pure food law went into effect a good many "sugar bushes" over the country seem to have gone out of commission, judging from the very limited supply of maple sirup which is able to bear the legend "pure." Yet if one cannot get the real article a very wholesome substitute can be made by the use of corncobs, which will impart both flavor and color. White cobs clean and freshly shelled are the best for the purpose. They should be put in a kettle and boiled for about an hour, or until the coloring matter shows clearly in the water. They should then be removed, the water carefully strained to remove particles of cob and sediment and enough coffee or light brown sugar added to give the sirup the desired thickness after a few minutes' boiling. If the job is carefully done not only will this cob sirup have a delicate flavor closely resembling maple sirup, but the color also will be a close counterfeit.

A lady reader of these notes living near Massillon, O., writes inquiring if there is any truth in the articles which have been published lately as to injurious effects from eating food cooked in aluminum vessels. While we have heard statements to this effect and articles charging such to be the case have been published, inquiry of medical men does not show that the claim that stomach trouble is due to the eating of foods cooked in aluminum vessels has been conclusively proved. We would suggest to our correspondent, however, if her family use aluminum utensils and some of them have stomach trouble seemingly as a result, that it might be a good idea to go back to iron and granite ware for a time and see if the disorders referred to disappear. Should they do so there would be considerable reason for supposing that the use of the aluminum vessels was the cause. If any of our readers can furnish us definite proof on the point under discussion we would be glad to present their experience and findings in these columns.

J. E. Trigg

Haitian Troops Massacre Rebels.
Government troops led by President Simon, of Haiti, got beyond control of their officers at Quanaminth, and after capturing the town, burned all the buildings and massacred all the inhabitants that were unable to make their escape.

Jean Prosper, a citizen of France, was attacked, his eighteen-year-old son was killed and his home was burned.

Messengers arriving at Cape Haitien gave the first detailed account of President Simon's ruthless campaign against the rebels. The insurgents had captured Fort Liberty and Quanaminth. President Simon set out for the disaffected territory at the head of five columns of troops. He was accompanied by his daughter, Celestina. The army occupied Fort Liberty without a shot having been fired. Nevertheless a large number of arrests of those suspected of treachery to the government were made and the suspects were shot.

The army then moved on to Quanaminth. The rebels were found in possession of the town and they offered resistance. No mercy was shown by Simon's forces, and sanguinary fighting followed. The rebels were soon beaten back, but the officers could not stop the advance of their men.

The soldiers got out of hand and the pillaging that followed was horrible. The inhabitants who had not fled were killed and the town burned.

In the meantime another force, under Minister of the Interior Jeremie, captured the town of Vallerie, to the south of Quanaminth, and it is expected that this will be burned.

Russia to Move Against China.

The Russian government has advised the state department in Washington of its intention to make a military demonstration against China. The details of the proposed movement haven't been received. The Russian government promises to send further information on the subject to the state department as soon as possible.

It appears that the Russian government, wearied of what it regards as persistent disregard by China of her treaty obligations toward Russia, is about to bring pressure to bear to enforce her rights, even to the extent of a military demonstration in the province of Hui, the seat of the present trouble.

That war will not result from the latest move of the Russian government is the confident belief in diplomatic circles here, for it is generally understood that the Chinese are totally unprepared to meet such a foe as Russia at this juncture. So it is expected that China will appeal to the powers, including America, for fair play. What amount of support she will receive cannot safely be foretold.

Over \$20,000 Worth of Jewelry Stolen.

An inventory of the articles stolen from the residence of Charles G. Roebeling in Trenton, N. J., last Wednesday night indicates that the burglar made a haul representing between \$20,000 and \$25,000 in intrinsic value.

Among the articles taken were a number of valuables which money cannot replace. Among these was a locket set with diamonds and pearls, which was a gift from the late Mrs. Washington R. Roebeling to Mrs. Cornelius Hook, sister-in-law of Charles G. Roebeling. The locket was exhibited at the Paris exposition, where it was awarded first prize.

The robbery, one of the largest ever accomplished in this vicinity, has been placed in the hands of Pinkerton detectives for investigation. It is now the accepted theory of the detectives that it was accomplished by some one having inside knowledge as to both the house and the customary movements of the family.

Hat Pin Wound Kills Man.

Captain Andrew Englund, who was one of the best known sea captains on the New England coast, is dead in Boston as the result of a jab from a hatpin. With his wife, he was riding in a crowded trolley car, when a woman standing beside him turned her head suddenly and he was jabbed by a pin in the cheek. He thought nothing of it for two weeks or more, and then his face began to swell and he was taken to the City hospital, where he died of blood poisoning.

Fright Kills Woman.

Mrs. David Thomas, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., stricken with a sudden fear that her husband was dead or dying, was overcome at his bedside and died a short time later.

Her husband had been ill with bronchitis for some time and she was nursing him. Going to his bedside she asked how he was. He tried to answer, but his cold was so deep that he had lost his voice. Panic-stricken, his wife cried he was dead, and fell unconscious.

Find Girl's Slayer Dead.

Michael Lillek, who shot and instantly killed Miss Alice Hyland, nineteen years of age, in Pottsville, Pa., because she objected to his attentions, was found dead on the mountainside about a half mile from the scene of the murder. He shot himself through the head.

Three shots were fired when Miss Hyland was killed, the two first ones in quick succession, and the third a few moments later. It is supposed that in his excitement in putting the pistol away Lillek accidentally shot himself in the hip. He was traced by bloodstains for three-quarters of a mile until his body was found by the state police.

He probably became exhausted as a result of the loss of blood, and rather than submit to capture, shot himself.